

THE LIGUORIAN



IN THIS ISSUE

Father Tim Casey.....	386
C. D. McEnniry, C.Ss.R.	
The Student Abroad.....	398
J. W. Brennan, C.Ss.R.	
Play Square: Chap. VI.....	407
J. R. Melvin, C.Ss.R.	
The Persecution in Mexico.....	419

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

(Cont.)

Mother of Perpetual Help.....	385
C.Ss.R.	
The Maid of Orleans: Chap. XXIX.....	392
Aug. T. Zeller, C.Ss.R.	
Catholic Anecdotes	418
Pointed Paragraphs on Mexico.....	419
Our Lady's Page.....	426
Catholic Events	428
Book Reviews	431
Lucid Intervals	432

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THE LIGUORIAN

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Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

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Mother of Perpetual Help

On altars fair an image bright doth shine,
Perpetual Help, it crowns Thy sacred shrine
And calls from near and far,
The aching hearts of sick and saddened men
To give them joy and bid them trust again
In God's own Morning Star.

The Infant God in terror fled to thee,
When first the sight of His fell Passion Tree
His soul did deep affright.
Thus, Mother, I, all drenched with bitter gall
Of sin and woe, to thee for mercy call,
Too sinful e'en to pray.

Perpetual Help, one only claim I urge,
While deep the storm of fell temptation's surge
Around my soul doth roar:
More worthy souls to thee their homage pay;
Yet of all men, 'tis I alone can say,
That no one needs thee more.

—C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

SCHOOLS FOR THE PUBLIC

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

The priest and the doctor had met often in the wards of the hospital or in the homes of the dying. While no advances had ever been made towards an intimate friendship, each respected the other. Father Casey thought and said that Doctor Monmouth was a conscientious physician. Doctor Monmouth thought and said that Father Casey was a zealous clergyman. Hence the confidence with which, on the present occasion, the doctor approached the priest.

"Father Casey," he said, "I am sure you noticed in the morning paper that I have announced my candidacy for office. I feel that I can count on your vote. Perhaps, when the occasion offers, you will also say a word to your friends in my favor."

Instead of the hearty response he had anticipated and taken for granted, the medical man was answered by silence. Surprised, he scrutinized the priest's face. Father Casey's eyes were fixed in dreamy contemplation on the delicate filigree lines of the Masonic device adorning the doctor's broad chest.

"I beg your pardon, Reverend Sir," he said coldly. "I withdraw my request. He wanted to turn away with silent scorn, but he couldn't; he had to say something. Almost in spite of himself, he burst out vehemently: "Father Casey, I am hurt and disappointed—not that I must lose your vote, but that I must lose my regard for you. I had never dreamt that the narrow and unreasoning bitterness of Catholics against the Masonic Order would sway even you."

"Father Casey laid his hand on the physician's arm and led him to the window. He spoke very quietly.

"Doctor, I have always known that you were a Mason, have I not?"

"I never hid it."

"Can you recall any occasion—we have been thrown often together—when I treated you with narrow and unreasoning bitterness?"

"No. I cannot. I will even add (for the doctor was fairminded and generous) that you have done me many and many a thoughtful kindness. That is why I am acutely pained to discover in you this prejudice——"

"Pardon me, doctor, but since you have always found me treating you with fairness—even, as you generously state, with kindness—would it not be more just on your part to judge that my reluctance in promising you my vote may be prompted by something besides 'narrow and unreasoning bitterness towards the Masonic Order?'"

"I was hasty, Father," said the doctor, extending his hand. The priest grasped it warmly.

"Would you care to know my reason?"

"I should indeed, for I confess that your conduct has aroused my curiosity. However, I want you to know that I understand fully that neither I nor anybody else has a right to ask you how or why you vote. That is each citizen's personal privilege."

Through the window at which they were standing, St. Mary's School was plainly visible. Pointing to it, Father Casey asked:

"Doctor, do you see that building?"

"I do."

"It has cost me and my people great sacrifices—sacrifices we should never have made were we not convinced that that school is necessary for the perpetuation of the things we count highest and best in life. Now, Doctor, much as we esteem you in your private and professional capacity, we should hesitate to vote you into a public office while you belong to a society which aims to tear down the structure we have been at such pains to build."

"There you misjudge us. Masonry is not the enemy of the Catholic school."

"I judge you by your own mouth. Masonic papers, official organs of Masonry, are its mouthpiece. I could show you passages—no doubt you have already seen them—where these mouthpieces of Masonry formally advocate the destruction of the Catholic school."

"Now, Father, you must not take these harrangues too seriously. Often they represent nothing more than the personal view of the editor. I know hundreds of Masons who are not opposed to the Catholic school. I am a Mason. You have known me a long time. Yet you have never heard me say a word in disparagement of your educational system. I will be frank with you as you have been with me and tell you, what I seldom tell anybody, I vote to do away with private schools, whether Catholic or non-Catholic, and to oblige all children to attend the public school. That is my personal privilege. You believe in the private

school; I believe in the public school. It is simply a difference of viewpoint."

"There, did I not tell you that Masonry aims at the destruction of the Catholic school?"

"Oh, this is not a principle laid down by Masonry. It is simply my individual opinion. I believe it will make for the solidarity and unity of American citizenship, if all the children of the land are trained in the public school."

"What do you mean by 'the solidarity and unity of American citizenship.'"

"Look here, Father Casey, it is hardly fair to require me to give off hand an exact explanation of the phrase."

"Fair enough, Doctor, if that phrase sums up the result of your own mature deliberations. But the trouble is it doesn't. As a matter of fact, you have never taken up the consideration of this question with an unprejudiced mind and carefully investigated it until you arrived at the conviction that compulsory attendance at the public school makes for 'the solidarity and unity of American citizenship.' This is proved by the fact that you use a stock expression the meaning of which you do not grasp."

"How then, let me ask you, did I get this conviction?"

"Masonic suggestion," replied the priest.

"But I tell you I know hundreds of Masons in good standing who approve of the Catholic school."

"They are men like yourself who see in Masonry only a helpful society. The leaders, who know the ultimate aims of Masonry, know that these aims clash directly with the revealed religion of Jesus Christ. They know that the revealed religion of Jesus Christ is perpetuated by the Catholic school. Therefore they must be and are opposed to the Catholic school. They may not come out openly with this bald statement at the risk of shocking your sense of fair play and that of thousands of other well-meaning Masons. They adopt a more subtle and more efficient method—they stress the public school system as the great bulwark of Americanism. Thus, little by little, without your noticing it, they influence your judgment. You come to look upon it as a patriotic duty to force all the children of the nation into the public school. And you think you have arrived at this conviction through the exercise of your own reason, while it is nothing but the result of carefully planned Masonic suggestion."

"And you think that is how I have come to vote against the private school?"

"Absolutely. What other reason could there be? You are too intelligent and too well informed to credit the ignorant fanatics who cry that the Catholic school is a scheme of the Pope to gain control of America."

"To be sure," returned the doctor, "I know that your Pope, like yourself, has enough to do to say his prayers and attend to his spiritual business. I'm not worried about that."

"As for the value of the public school as a 'melting pot,' you know from your professional experience in my parish that there are more varied nationalities in St. Mary's than in the public school. And we melt 'em. Every boy or girl among them is an out and out young American. You will agree to that, will you not, Doctor?"

"Oh, they are young Americans, all right. They have all the goodness and all the cussedness that name implies."

"And our schools, though not public schools, are American schools. There is no immutable law of nature that prevents a school from being an American school simply because the overburdened public is not taxed to support it. I defy anybody to show that our children do not learn American principles and American history—that they are not taught to respect American institutions and emulate American heroes quite as well as in the public school. They may not spend so much time in flag waving because they are busy studying something that will fit them for a useful life. However, I do not think you are the type of man to require that."

"All blah, blah!" cried the doctor. "A school is a school, not a place for indulging in senseless antics."

"Then," said the priest, "there is no reason for your opposition to the Catholic school—except Masonic suggestion."

"Well, no, Father Casey, I wouldn't admit that. You know we are a big country and an immense population. It is vital that we preserve unity in this vast nation. We want uniformity of ideals—no schisms, no divisions."

"Sir, this is a *free* country. True freedom means, above all else, freedom of thought. Do you, an American, mean to try to force all children to think the same on every question, whether it be religion or tariff or income tax?"

"Not that, by any means. But uniformity in training. This is one country; therefore, let us have one language, one school, one flag."

"I have heard that slogan before. Tell me just what you mean by it."

The doctor laughed good naturedly.

"Father Casey, you are a tyrant for definitions."

"Doctor, this is just another of the stock phrases you picked up in the Masonic lodge without stopping to consider what it means or whether it means anything. 'One language!' Rather, a dozen languages if possible. In Europe no man is considered educated unless he has mastered more than one language. Our American youths are just as capable as the Europeans; the culture and prestige they would derive from mastering the idioms of other peoples is quite as great. Why deny them the opportunity? 'One school!' That's begging the question. You don't prove a proposition by shouting it at the top of your voice. 'One flag!' Rot! When did the products of the Catholic school ever hang back when the flag led the way in any honest and honorable enterprise?"

"But," contended the doctor, "the private school makes for class distinctions. We don't want class distinctions in a republic."

"Another meaningless phrase. As well say, we don't want a sky in a republic. So long as there are some who have brains and some who have none, there will be class distinctions. So long as there are some who have money and some who have none, there will be class distinctions. So long as there are some who have clean minds and truthful lips and self respect and common decency and some who have not, there will be class distinctions. No class distinctions! Would you, if you could, hold all the children of the land to a common level and give no opportunity for self expression, no chance for the development of a genius or a leader? No class distinctions! Do you allow your own children to associate with the negroes or the Japanese or the paupers who frequent the same school? What is your own profession but an ironbound caste which holds itself aloof from the rest of mankind? No class distinctions! How can an honest man like you fail to see the hypocrisy of the Masonic leaders who manufactured this slogan? There is not in the whole wide world such a clean-cut class distinction as between members and non-members of this secret, oath-bound fraternity. They have the effrontery to dub the Catholic Church a menace to

Americanism because it is an international society. Masonry itself is international. The difference between Masonry and the Catholic Church is that the Catholic Church attends to her own business and works in broad daylight. She has no objectives, no by-laws that cannot be learned by any honest enquirer, while Masonry concocts behind closed doors its schemes for interfering in other people's business, for depriving educational institutions of their property rights, for depriving parents of the still more sacred right of bringing up their children with respect for God's law."

"It may be, after all, that the Catholic school turns out as good Americans as the public school," conceded the doctor.

"As good! I say it turns out better. Not one solid argument can be adduced to prove that enforced attendance of all children at our non-religious public school will benefit the republic. On the other hand, every thinking American from George Washington to Calvin Coolidge sees and admits that religion is necessary for the existence of a republic. The Catholic school grounds its pupils in religion. Where there is no religion, there is no sense of responsibility to a higher power. Where there is no sense of responsibility to a higher power, there will be selfishness, greed, graft, dishonesty, sensuality. When this flock of vultures fastens upon a republic, its dissolution is at hand. Don't oppose the religious school. It is the republic's anchor."

HIS FIRST LESSON

Much wisdom is hidden in the lives of the Monks of the Desert. Outstanding among these Monks, was St. Pambo. He is said to have left the world so early that he had not learned to read. He asked one of the hermits to teach him. Together then they read the Sacred Scriptures, beginning with the Psalms, which formed the prayer-book of those days. They came upon the passage:

"I will take heed to my ways that I sin not with my tongue."

"Wait," said Pambo; "I shall try to master that."

After six months his instructor met him again.

"Why did you not return?" he asked Pambo.

"I haven't learned that lesson sufficiently well as yet," replied the earnest monk.

The Maid of Orleans

XXIX. THE FIRST CONDEMNATION

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

For five months the trial of Joan had dragged on and her enemies realized that they were getting nowhere. Always the same questions, always the same answers, and nothing really to incriminate the Maid. Cauchon saw that he must bring the matter to a head. He stopped at nothing—no hypocrisy was too wicked, no lie too bold. He must bring this girl by fair means or foul to retract her statements regarding her visions and then force her to reassert their truth. This would constitute a relapse; then he could have her burned at the stake as the English desired.

Accordingly Cauchon had all documents drawn up beforehand; first, a condemnation on the false and garbled testimony presented; then two documents of retraction, the one brief, harmless, making no revocation, another lengthy and containing a real revocation of all her assertions; then a document purporting to praise her for her retraction and admitting her to penance. He meant by threats and promises, and if need be, by fraud, to secure her signature to the brief formula and then substitute the longer one. The rest would be an easy matter. It seems almost too cruel a plan to conceive; yet the facts are there.

The awful mockery of justice was to take place on May 24, 1431, in the public meeting place at the cemetery of St. Ouen. Public announcement was made that on that day Joan would make a solemn adjuration of all her errors. According to the procedure of those days, if she abjured she would be admitted to penance and possibly freed. It, therefore, appeared to many to be a real kindness on the part of Cauchon toward the poor girl. In reality it was the dirtiest piece of perfidy.

To understand Joan's condition on that day, we must remember her long and bitter imprisonment and the almost daily ordeals to which she had been subjected. She must have been weary of the world. We must understand too, how she was harrowed that day from the moment of her first awaking through the scheming of Cauchon and his henchmen. As Joan was led out toward the public meeting place, several of Cauchon's men met her and as if moved by pity, exhorted her mysteriously and excitedly to "submit to the church and the ecclesiastical

judges." Naturally, she began to wonder whether she was now to be condemned.

At the cemetery two platforms had been erected; one, ornate, for the judges, jurors and people of state; the other, opposite, for Joan, placed on a cart, was dragged to the scene by English soldiers; she was clad as usual in male attire. She was made to ascend the platform. At that moment, Loyseleur, the traitorous priest, approached her and in suavest tones said:

"Joan, believe me; if you wish you can save yourself. Resume feminine garb and do all they order you, otherwise you will be in danger of death. But if you do what I tell you, you will be safe. You will suffer no harm and be given back to the Church."

"To be given back to the Church" meant in procedure of those days, that she would be placed in a church prison, with women attendants and humane treatment—the very thing that Joan had asked for these last five months. She could make no further inquiries, however; she was forced up to the platform and four of Cauchon's minions ascended with her. One of them, William Erard, then commenced a long sermon, lasting an hour or more, in which he reviled the French King, Charles VII, as well as Joan. Joan listened patiently to her own slander, but when the orator referred to her king in opprobrious terms, she heard her Voices commend: "Answer!" She obeyed.

"By my faith!" she cried. "With all due reverence, I dare to say and swear, on pain of my life, that he is the noblest of all Christians and there is no one who loves the Faith and the Gospel better than he. He is not what you say."

The preacher was so embarrassed that for a moment he knew not what to say.

"Make her shut up!" shouted one of Cauchon's men. The preacher then continued his sermon, and concluding, turned to Joan.

Erard: "Behold here your lords, the judges, who have frequently summoned you and demanded that you submit all your words and actions to our Holy Mother, the Church, showing you that there are in your words and acts many things which it is not good to say or maintain."

Joan: "I shall reply. As regards my submission to the Church, I have already told you to send an account of all I said and did to Rome, to the Holy Father, to whom after God I am accountable. My

words and actions were said and done by order of God. I make no one responsible for them, neither my King nor any one else. If there is any fault in them, it is mine and no one else's."

Erard: "Do you wish to retract all your words and actions which the clerics censure?"

Joan: "I appeal to God and our Holy Father, the Pope."

Cauchon (rising impatiently and fairly shouting): "That answer is not sufficient. We cannot go so far to the Holy Father. The Ordinary is judge in his own diocese. You must submit to him in appealing to our Mother the Church, and hold as true what the clerics and other competent persons have said and decided in regard to your words and actions."

Thus despite the most elementary demands of ecclesiastical law, he refused her appeal. He then announced that he would proceed to read her condemnation. The square was crowded with an immense throng of people who sympathized more or less with the unfortunate girl. At Cauchon's announcement a wave of excitement spread over the crowd, and from all parts they called to her:

"Joan, do as they counsel you; do you wish to bring about your own death?"

Those on the platform with her joined the crowd. The poor girl, frightened and confused by the clamor and whispers, was suddenly confronted by Erard with a document purporting to be a revocation. It was the brief formula Cauchon had prepared, an engagement to submit to the orders and decisions of the Church, to resume feminine attire, not to wear her hair cut like those of a cavalier, and no longer to bear arms; and promising that she would be placed in a church prison if she complied. Erard read it at her in quick, excited tones.

"Here," he said, "this is all they ask you now to abjure and revoke."

"What do you mean, abjure?" asked Joan. "I do not know what you mean; counsel me."

"Counsel her!" shouted Erard at one of the bystanders, a man who secretly favored Joan. He probably did not know what was in the document.

"If you do not submit to what was read," he told Joan, "you will be burned at the stake. I counsel you to appeal to the universal Church as to whether you must retract or not."

"I appeal to the universal Church," the Maid declared at once.

"You must abjure here and now," shouted the preacher now grown furious, "or you will be burnt alive." And with his hand he pointed to the cart ready to drag her off to her terrible fate. Fear of death is inborn in every man. Will anyone then accuse this nineteen-year-old girl of lack of courage, if she quailed momentarily before the awful thought of being burnt alive? Her fear was traced on her countenance. Erard noticed it. This was what he wanted.

"Joan," he said in gentle tones, "we all pity you very much. But you must retract what you have said; otherwise you will be given over to the secular power."

"I have done nothing wrong," answered Joan tremblingly; "I believe in the twelve articles of our faith and in the ten commandments of God. I appeal to the court of Rome and I wish to believe all that the Church teaches."

Cauchon saw that she was breaking down and began in slow, solemn tones to read the long sentence of condemnation. It was in Latin. Joan understood nothing of it even if she heard it amid the prevailing excitement. Loyseleur, still acting as her confidant, leaped to the platform and again urged her to retract. Joan had strength enough to tell the traitor:

"You are going to a lot of trouble to mislead me!"

Others, seeing her anguish, endeavored to lead her to make a retraction by means of promises; if she would consent to abandon male attire she would be put in the church prison, have women attendants, be allowed to hear Mass and receive Communion, and that she would be relieved of the heavy chains she had worn all these months.

From every side men were speaking to her, some threatening and cursing her, others promising her the very things she desired. She was stupefied. She tried to read in the faces around her whether they were those of friends or foes. She had been duped so often. Her enemies saw that the moment was come for an easy victory over the defenseless girl, even if it had to be won by lies.

"If you consent," Erard whispered to her, "you will leave your prison and be free."

Be free! Joan understood that. She made a cross beneath the document which Erard held out to her, in place of her signature, for she could not write.

"It is better to sign this than to be burnt!" she remarked. At once it was announced to Cauchon and the judges that Joan had retracted.

"I intend to recall nothing except in as far as it is pleasing to Our Lord," cried the Maid. But her voice was drowned in the hubbub.

"I submit to the judgment of the Church and I pray St. Michael to counsel and direct me," she declared in louder tones.

But none in the crowd heard her. They only saw her excited actions and heard the whispers spread by her foes that she had retracted all and now admitted that she had duped the people of France.

Lawrence Calot, a secretary to Henry VI of England, then produced another document, a long formula containing a complete revocation in Joan's name of all she had said and done, confessing that she was an impostor, admitting all the charges brought against her and confessing that she was now repentant. He hurried over to Joan and presented the document to her as if it were merely a matter of formality. Only those who knew the plot saw the substitution of this document for the one that had been read to Joan.

"Sign here," he said as if in haste.

"I do not know how to write," replied Joan. Calot took her hand forcibly and made a cross beneath the document. A great tumult had arisen in the crowd. English soldiers had mingled in the throng and were spreading their falsehoods among the people.

"The impious woman," they said, pointing to Joan; "she is deceiving the tribunal to escape death. See how she laughs! Judges, don't you see that she is just playing with you and that her abjuration is only a mockery?" And they began pelting the girl with stones.

Cauchon rose to speak. When calm was restored, he turned to the English Cardinal and announced:

"She has abjured. What is to be done with her?"

"Admit her to penance," was the solemn, pharisaical reply.

The perfidious prelate knew well what he was doing. Cauchon and the Cardinal must have winked at each other. Their game had succeeded perfectly. Then Cauchon read the second document which he had prepared for just this eventuality, in which he declared her, by reason of her abjuration, absolved from her excommunication and condemning her to perpetual imprisonment.

Scarce had he finished, when Joan, mindful of the promises made to her, turned toward the ecclesiastical judges and said, in tones almost glad:

"Now, then, men of the church, lead me to your prisons that I may

no longer be in the hands of the English!" Some of the judges seconded her plea. But Cauchon, turning to the guards, commanded gruffly:

"Back with her to the place whence you dragged her!"

She was led back to her old cell. The English guards jeered and insulted her without hindrance. Warwick, who had not been taken into the counsels of Cauchon and the English Cardinal, thought he was robbed of his prey.

"It is going bad for the King," he remarked to Cauchon. "She will escape us."

"Don't be disturbed," replied the Bishop. "She is in a trap."

Thus ended the first act of the terrible farce. Worse things were in store for Joan.

(To be continued.)

THE CATHOLIC DRAMATIC GUILD

Another organization has come into existence at Brooten, Minn., under the leadership of the Rev. M. Heefen. It is known as the Catholic Dramatic Guild.

Its aim is more practical and positive still. It aims to substitute a Catholic stage for an irresponsible stage. This it aims to do by building up the Parish and Catholic Club stage. The purpose of the organization is thus stated in its constitution:

"First: To provide clean, interesting, and instructive drama—the material for Catholic Stages.

"Second: To support any Catholic stage, especially parish stages, and to develop them into a large organization for the purpose of mutual assistance, and as a powerful campaign against indecency on the stage, being at the same time a successful propagation of our Faith.

"To provide theoretical and practical instruction in oratory for the best and most apt ones of our young people in order to procure a Catholic leadership of laymen."

The organization provides plays for schools and parish dramatic societies; publishes a handbook, "The Catholic Stage," containing most practical hints on Dramatic Clubs, and also articles in Catholic papers, magazines, etc., about Catholic dramatic work.

Address communications to the Catholic Dramatic Company, Brooten, Minn.

The Student Abroad

FAREWELL TO ROME

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Comes the day of departure! I doubt whether there is a city in the world that causes its visitors such mixed emotions when the time comes to enter the Departure section of the terminal, board the train, and begin the journey toward the wall of hills across the Campagna. Whether the stay was of short duration, three days, a week or a month; whether of two years, the usual length of time given to graduate work in the universities, or of six years, the duration of the seminary courses leading to ordination, the last day is a day never to be forgotten.

There have been some and there are some to whom departure means the acme of joy. Rome to them brings associations of disgust. Intense heat, hard work, sleepless nights, much dirt and dust, the constant sight of great poverty, immense churches, usually empty, much parade and little progress, the monotony of ancient ruins that seem more like dilapidated tombstones over a dead past than remembrances of a glory that was; in short a pitfully inadequate and distorted sense of proportion and a lack of the broadness of view that lays the foundation for a sense of appreciation and understanding make the station seem a portico to freedom and the very rumble of the train the sweetest of music.

But those who have followed the Student Abroad from the very first will recall that at the outset, we adopted a principle that was more than mere rhetoric. We proposed to clean our spectacles, even remove them if necessary; we intended to view the people we met, their cities and modes of living from their point of view as well as our own; we were not to be mere tourists "doing" countries at so many kilometers per day, but students. And just as in the acquisition of science, the first requisite—an essential requisite be it remembered—is the humble realization that we know nothing and have all to learn, so too, in this study which is after all a study of life and of living peoples, we must realize—what we may fail to realize, that we Americans are not the only people on the earth, that there are others with customs and cultures and characteristics different from our own and not a whit inferior. And we must recall the golden rule—and apply it. For it is manifestly unfair to take one particular feature of a country out of its setting and

form an estimate of it and then let that estimate be a final judgment. We have but to recall the incident of Charles Dickens and his first trip to America and his subsequent book to have an example of such injustice.

That the majority of visitors to Italy, and especially to Rome, either come with the open mind so necessary for profitable traveling or acquire it while here is evident from the fact that practically everyone on leaving regrets the plans that made the stay so short and swears by the mist above the Alban Hills to come back another day. To them their stay was like the proverbial cake, in that it tastes like more!

A good deal depends on the final impressions received. So with the scheduled trips finished, the studies over, in short, with nothing to do but loiter at ease over the paths we tread, let's take a final swing over the city and its environs and see how much we have missed.

A bright Sunday morning; a fine new Fiat limousine, an excellent driver and some good companions who can enjoy without "knocking," and we are off. It is early for Rome—about seven-thirty. At once we miss the regular throngs going to Mass, that we see in the States. Yet the streets are well filled with people. But then in Rome mostly women go to Mass! One lie will be scotched at once. Driving to one of the 360 churches in Rome, preferably one we have not seen before, we notice that a goodly crowd of men and women are assembled before the high altar. Mass is half over. We recall that our driver must hear Mass too, and summon him. Watch him. He takes one look at the high altar, notes how far the Mass has progressed, then at once looks about toward the many side-altars. Sure enough, in a neat little chapel to one side, a priest has just come out to say Mass. Our boy picks up one of the chair-kneeling bench contrivances, walks over to the chapel, selects a favorable place and in a moment is lost to the muffled tread of feet around him. He is fairly typical. Imagine all the churches in Rome, with all the priests, resident and visiting, saying Mass at various hours throughout the morning and you realize why it is you do not see the long serried ranks of worshippers hurrying at regular intervals through the streets to and from church, as they do in America. There is no need for it.

But the recent development and consequent expansion of Rome has given rise to an interesting problem. The churches and Basilicas for the most part are situated in the older parts of the city. Now there

are entire sections, lately built up, without a church, or with churches just in the building. It seems strange to think of even a section of Rome in *need* of a church. But that was the case until a few years ago. It was to fill such a need that Pope Leo XIII had the Jubilee Church which was given to him by the nations of the world, and now in charge of the Redemptorist Fathers, situated in the new section of Rome across the Tiber. It is so far away from the historic centers of Rome that practically very few visitors ever see it, though it is an edifice of marvelous beauty.

It is going to be a hot day; so, Mass ended, we turn the machine toward the hills. Rome can be enjoyed from a distance, too. Leaving the city gates toward the southeast, a new city opens to us. The tendency of the present government in Rome is to have the people get away from the old system of tenements with its attendant congestion and move out to the newer sections where newer homes built with more modern improvements are to be had. A recent law has prohibited the erection of any building for purposes of pleasure or luxury until the needs of the working people have been supplied. It is amazing what development there has been in a few years. New factories have appeared, new warehouses, and with them new quarters for the people who work in the factories and warehouses. And there are more going up. At present, there is an entire hill, just beyond the most historic section of ancient Rome that is completely covered with construction work; it looks like a forest of scaffolding. And coincident with the new building program there is in progress a reformation in city-planning that seeks to rearrange the narrow old streets and make them more suitable to the needs of modern traffic.

Somewhere just beyond the walls, we pass what looks like a guard-house with a group of soldiers. This is the local customs. A person for instance, entering Italy and Rome is liable to customs charges twice, once at the frontier, then again at the limits of Rome. Farmers bringing their produce to market are halted at these points on the various roads leading into Rome and are made to pay taxes. And if we have an Italian with us, he will tell of the immense burden of taxation the people have to bear. Everything has its tax, even apparently the necessities of life. Yet, economists who visit Europe this year declare that Italy is the best of all the nations; economically soundest and most content. I, too, thought that Italians were the most content, but appearances are

deceiving. The fact is, they feel the burden of post-war conditions just as heavily, but they do less talking about it. Nor are they all so thoroughly in favor of the present government as one might be led to believe. On the contrary it is quite possible that a numerical majority are opposed to Mussolini and his tactics. But unlike their European neighbors, they realize that it is best for Italy that the present government which has done great good for the nation, remain in force. The Italians learn quickly; the political night-mare at present existing in other parts of Europe, is an object lesson that is not missed. So in place of raving about taxes and clamoring for change, they work and work and hope for the approach of a better day.

Swinging northward across the Campagna, a backward glance discloses the city spread out like a checkered blanket, in the scorching sun. Almost in the center of the vast spread of buildings, there arises in solitary splendor the bluish cupola of St. Peter's. No matter how often one has seen it, the sight is thought-compelling. And on this occasion, when we realize we are taking a farewell view, it brings up a host of reflections. How helpless it looks, commanded by every one of the surrounding hills. Yet how strong. How full of dignity. How benign. Invading armies pouring through these mountains have looked on it, as we look on it now. To them it was a goal to be achieved. But the armies are gone; the scars of their ravages here and there in the city remain as monuments to their presence; and the rising sun each morning strikes across the level valley and showers its golden benediction on that cupola just as it did on the first day of its completion. It is a short transition in thought from the strength and beauty of that distant pile to the spiritual beauty and indestructibility of that which it represents, the Bride of Christ, the Catholic Church. We are now twenty kilometers away; the city is but a wavy line, but the cupola is still standing clearcut against the heavens. From all angles the view is the same. And so, too, we reflect the Church; from all parts of the earth, clearcut, beautiful, strong, enduring, she raises her head above the material interests of life, "the House on the mountain whence all may see it."

Over to the right, amidst a straggling stretch of woodland, are the ruins of the immense villa of the Emperor Hadrian. Its rich statuary has been carried into the city and now forms one of the largest and best collections of ancient art in the Vatican Museum. Only the bare ruins remain to mark the former glory. Again the eye turns back

across the plain to the graceful cupola outlined against the sky, and inevitably a comparison is made. It is the same comparison we have been making in all our rambles, the comparison of the old with the new, of the regime that is gone with the regime that prevails, of material supremacy with spiritual, of the civilization cultivated with armored cohorts and glittering spears with the culture of the cross with its brown-robed, black-robed, white-robed bearers, of the vanity of earthly glory with the unending splendor of the Kingdom of Christ.

The hills teem with reminiscences. Here the nobility and the wealth of Caesar's day had their villas; here the mediaeval families had their strongholds; here today, the placid olive orchards and the vineyards speak of simplicity and peace and a simple, peaceful people spend their placid lives, almost untouched by the restless influences of the world outside. One has but to visit the Villa d'Este at Tivoli, with its hundreds of fountains constantly playing and its magnificent landscape beauty to have an idea of the extent to which artificial cultivation was carried. A complete history of the region would be filled with the names of the greatest men of Europe's history.

Noon finds us lunching before the ruins of the famous Temple of the Sybil, just above the torrent that roars in the valley. From the monotonous areas of the Campagna, we have been suddenly transported into rugged mountainous scenery of striking beauty. Ravines covered with verdure with occasional prominences of jagged gray rock, valleys that twist and turn with every new angle a new and more beautiful picture, waterfalls great and small spurting out of green recesses and tumbling in lacy masses over the ledges and rocks; and over all bright sunshine tempered by the breeze from the mountains—it is the recreation spot of Rome.

For one thing, it is interesting to note that English seems to be the language of the place, and amidst the English, one can soon discern a few expressions that are undeniably American. For the crowds of students who are now coming to Europe in the summer time never fail to visit the hills and especially Tivoli, and it would seem that this particular beauty spot has been marked as an objective not to be missed. At any rate, here they are, sunburned, happy, hungry with a real American hunger, swapping stories of their experiences with a lighthearted vivacity that is refreshing. Even the waiters catch the spirit; one feels at home.

At the same time, one cannot help wondering what effect this new influence from the strong, young land over the seas will bring to staid, old Italy. For in spite of its lighthearted people, Italy is staid; slow to change; tenacious of old customs and of ancient ways of doing things. At present, it seems to me, Italy and Italians are examining with real interest and not a little appreciation, the methods and the principles that have wrought such progress in America in such a short time. Short—our sesquicentennial is an ordinary birthday in a land that counts over two thousand years of history. Like other people in Europe, Italians seemed wont to think that wealth and its attendant comforts were to be picked up at pleasure. But returning Americans and American visitors are convincing the people that the wealth is the result of hard work, and plenty of it, but work done with system. And unlike other peoples, at least many of them, the Italians believe this and they, too, are seeking to put system into their labor. For instance, in America it is now an ordinary feature in every state to have an experimental station for agriculture, where soils and seeds are studied, and the results given out to the people. Just lately, the government of Italy started a similar experimental station with a view to making use of much land that has been considered useless. And it was Signor Mussolini who personally drove the King in his own car to view the latest progress made there. It would be silly presumption to think that their progress is due entirely to contact with American ideas; but if the views of Italians with whom I have spoken count for anything then I think that it can be safely said that the influx of American visitors is having a double effect; they are carrying home the benefits of Italy's age-old culture, and they are leaving after them, ideas that make for progress both individually and nationally. The Italians learn quickly.

Starting out again over the Campagna, we speed over the intervening flat lands with their acres of vineyards and olive-groves to the neighboring Alban Mountains; it would not do to leave Rome without a farewell to the Castelli. Past Castel Gandolfo and Largo Albano, with the palace that was supposed to be a summer home for the Pope; through ancient villages still unspoiled despite the tourists that pass through them, past Lake Nemi beneath whose placid blue surface rest the remains of several Roman galleys which the Italian government is now trying to recover, over culverts and around steep hills till again the vast Roman panorama lies stretched before us in the light of the

late afternoon sun; and we see the thin bright line on the horizon that marks the Mediterranean and against it and a bit to one side, the superb cupola of St. Peter's standing guard above the city.

A quick drive back, past the old aqueducts and remains of castles, past modern farms and the usual vineyards, past the gradually extending outskirts of the metropolis, and we hurry to the Capitol Hill. The sun is sinking as we turn into the narrow road that leads to the brow of the hill that overlooks the Forum. But what a sight! Tinted with the mellow golden light, the ruins seem like chiseled ivory. Triumphal arches, remains of columns, outlines of old temples, statues, and Via Sacra, the main street of old Rome, and the superb campanile of the church of Rome's special patron, St. Frances of Rome, all make a scene that is unforgettable. Even the gaunt brick piles that cover the Palatine, the dark, cavernous entrances to the underground chambers, the sombre cedars crowning the crest, take on a new and fresher appearance in the evening light. Far off in the background, the immense pile of the Coliseum raises its ruined form against the sky and the distant hills. What history, what romance, what drama, what tragedy lie contained in that volume of stone, and brick and marble that stretches before us. Back of us is the famous Tarpeian rock, cluttered now with a mass of cheap tenements. Over to one side and lower down is the Mamertine Prison. At our side, the giant stones of the famous Roman Capitol still form the principal foundation for the City Hall of Rome. How people can talk of glory while looking on those remains is beyond me. To me the whole panorama is a tremendous sermon in imperishable stone, of which the theme is "Vanity of vanities and all is vanity."

With this in mind, we retrace our steps a bit and enter what I think is the most characteristically Italian place in Rome, and probably the most beloved; the church of Santa Maria in Aracoeli. Here is kept the statue in wood of the Bambino of Aracoeli. When Italian babies are dangerously ill, the miraculous statue is carried in procession to the home; and the immense number of ex votos attest the multitude of favors received. And in the shrine are letters from all parts of the world. England and matter-of-fact America, France and Spain, and all the rest, addressed in every language and carrying the postage stamps of their respective countries, sent to the Bambino of Aracoeli, Rome. Just outside the little chapel is the town of the famous Queen, Saint

Helena, wife of Constantine the Great; but I think of the two, the humble little Bambino attracts by far the most attention.

The day is passing, our last day. We are on our way again, this time to circle over the Janiculum. Across the Tiber we go, by the bridge that passes near the so-called Temple of Vesta and just beyond the famous Island of the Tiber. Up the serpentine ascent our Fiat makes its way. All the people are out now, enjoying the cool air. The scene is one of activity and color. The little tables outside each little wine shop are well patronized; for the Romans can get a little wine or coffee very cheaply and then enjoy it for a couple of hours. From some place we hear music and singing. Much they worry about taxes and labor now. It is playtime. Children run heedlessly hither and thither and we warn our driver to take special care. Upward and onward, till turning in front of the old church of St. Peter in Montorio, we get our first panorama of the entire city. It is but a partial view however, and we hurry over to the famous fountain that tops the Janiculum. While the rush of the water sings in back of us, we look out over the city. The Tiber winds almost at our feet; the shiny dome of the Jewish synagogue forms a bright spot in the foreground; the long yellow walls of the Quirinal Palace mark the Quirinal Hill in the background, and the twin cupolas and campanile of St. Mary Major identify the Esquiline. Far off to the right is the statue-crowned facade of St. John Lateran; beyond that the Alban Hills, seeming very close now, in the clear evening light.

Again we proceed, and another curve brings us within view of Rome's feature, the beautiful cupola of St. Peter's Basilica. Go where you will, admire what you will; have whatever prejudice may please you; but in the end, when all is said and done, the outstanding feature of Rome, the most significant, the most striking, the most memorable, is St. Peter's and its cupola. In the golden haze of evening, it seems to hang in the air, not a thing of massive stone, but a perfectly shaped bluish mist. It is hard to think of it as perishable; hard to imagine the possibility of that mass of stone and bronze one day coming to the state of other masses of stone and bronze; hard to see in that object of indescribable beauty the seeds of decay. The very thought is abhorrent. And so it becomes the best symbol of Rome's greatness. The wolf nursing Romulus and Remus mean little; the Roman-Eagles mean little more; the S.P.Q.R. that marks all municipal objects has almost

no significance today; it is St. Peter's, rising high into the heavens, lifting its gleaming cross athwart the clear, blue Italian sky that gives Rome significance and that in turn is the best symbol of Rome.

Emblem of eternity, we gaze on it fascinated, enthralled. Here the history of the world reaches its focus; here the civilization of the modern world received its first inspiration and impetus; here is the Jacob's ladder that reaches between heaven and earth for beneath that cupola and its cross resides the human being in closest connection with the Divine, the Vicar of Jesus Christ Himself.

Standing out against the sunset, the vision blazons itself on our memory, and we turn homeward, loathe to go, but in our hearts is a farewell that is at once a salutation: Ave Roma Immortalis—Hail Rome, the undying, the imperishable.

REAL CATHOLICITY

A friend dropped in the other day, says the Pittsburgh Observer, to relate a story of what he termed "real Catholicity."

He is a regular attendant at the 2:30 Mass on Sunday mornings in the Church of the Epiphany, for newspapermen, firemen, policemen, etc.

He said he saw a street car motorman at the Mass last Sunday morning, and after Mass, met the man on the street and asked him why he was coming so far to attend the 2:30 Mass.

The "man on the car" told him that it was the only possible chance he had of hearing Mass on Sundays; consequently, he rose at 1:30 Sunday mornings and made his way downtown to the Epiphany Church. He got home about 4 o'clock on his return trip and reported for work at 6.

He said that he had a family of growing youngsters, and that he thought the right kind of example was needed from the head of the house, if the children are to be given the proper start in life.

As a matter of fact, the motorman added, he has trouble keeping the "kids" in bed when he gets up at 1:30 Sunday mornings; all of them want to go along with him.

If a man has a true sense of humor he knows when to get funny.

Play Square

Chap. VI. "A Chance That is Equal With All in the Fight"

J. R. MELVIN, C.Ss.R.

Although Marty Clarty had spent all his time and much labor in successfully developing in individuals the clean sporting spirit, and though his graduates of Lincoln Athletic College, chanting the Sportsman's Prayer on many a hard-fought field had attracted attention to themselves and had reflected no little credit on their trainer, while also exerting a powerful influence for good in many walks of life into which they had carried the spirit of the Sportsman's Prayer, still it was mainly due to Will Wynn that the College as such attracted wide attention from the general public. It was Will who proposed to Marty to incorporate the College under the laws of the State of California as an institution devoted exclusively to the physical and moral development of its students. Once this had been done and Lincoln College legally recognized as an established school, the last scruples of other colleges against pitting their teams against those of Lincoln vanished. One only stipulation did Marty perforce have to agree to, namely, in games against other colleges and universities he would employ only amateur athletes in good standing and never make use of the professional sportsmen who from time to time graced the halls and fields of Lincoln.

Marty was enthusiastic over the new plan. Hitherto the men of Lincoln had had to be content with games among themselves. Track meets, football and baseball and basketball games between the various schools under his management in different parts of the state had been staged by Marty and roused much friendly rivalry between them. Now, however, Marty looked forward to newer, broader fields of conquest. The morning his charter for Lincoln College arrived he sat looking at it gloatingly, as enthusiastic as a child with a new toy.

"Bill, old boy," said he to Wynn who had come to his office for their daily conference, "this charter is our entry blank into the field of college athletics. It puts us on the map. We won't have to confine our activities to contests among ourselves any longer. Why, man, this parchment is worth its weight in gold! Believe me, I'm going to make use of it mighty quick. It won't be a month before Lincoln

is giving some of the big colleges the fight of their lives on every field of sport. I don't care a hang about the revenue these games will bring in, but it gives our men a wonderful chance to appear before big crowds and let the world know of Father Dan's work at good old Lincoln."

Wynn sat quietly, smoking the first of the three cigars he allowed himself each day and only smiled quizzically at the rhapsodies of Marty. This aroused the indignation of the latter and he blurted out:

"Say man, show some signs of joy, will you? The way you sit and grin at me would make a man think you believe I am only enjoying a pipe dream."

"That's all it is, if you think that charter is going to pit us against the big colleges for very long," said Wynn quietly.

"What's the matter with you, anyway?" asked Marty. "Of course it will. They have no reason for not playing against us now and they'll be eager to use us for practice games in the early part of their seasons and to fill in open dates. Why, we can give them wonderful competition."

"That's just the trouble—too wonderful," said Wynn.

"Whaddaya mean, too wonderful?" asked Marty.

"Just what I say," replied Will, carefully depositing the ashes from his cigar in Marty's waste basket.

"I must confess that I don't quite get you," said Marty with a puzzled frown. "Seems to me the stiff opposition we can supply will be just the thing the big universities will want. Of course, we'll have to make a reputation by beating the smaller colleges first."

"You're all wrong," said Will earnestly.

"Mebbe I am," said Marty. "Go ahead King Solomon and spill us some of your wisdom."

"Listen, Marty," said Will, leaning forward earnestly. "How long have I been here?"

"It will be a year in about six weeks," replied Marty. "It's the middle of October now. Seems to me you began your work at Lincoln on the first of last December."

"Righto," said Will. "Do you think I have made good for you?"

"I'll say you have," said Marty emphatically. "Made good for me, for Father Dan and for yourself. There isn't a cleaner, squarer, more honest-to-God pious Catholic man on the face of God's earth

today. That's why you are more like a brother than a partner to me." And Marty, rising, wrung Wynn's hand earnestly.

"Thanks, Marty," said Will, returning the grip not a whit less fervently. "That's all true, thanks to Father Dan, his advice and the wonderful chance he gave me when he sent me to you. Gee! When I think of what I owe him and you, I feel as though I were so deep in debt I can never repay either of you."

"Aw, forget it," said Marty. "Let's get down to brass-tacks. What's your idea on this college game stuff?"

"Do you think I understand your hopes and plans?" asked Will.

"Absolutely," replied Marty. "Today is the first time you and I have ever seemed to disagree about anything. Honest, it seems to me, our big chance has come. Every year we can play the big colleges and thus advertise Lincoln."

"Not every year," said Will. "Only one year."

"There you go again," said Marty. "You speak puzzles to me."

"What do you think of the baseball, football, basketball and track teams we have developed—to say nothing of our oarsmen?" asked Wynn quietly.

"The teams you have developed, you mean," corrected Marty. "Remember, I've done little or nothing in that line. The other phases of this work have taken up so much of my time, that about all I've been able to do is to keep myself in good shape. Even there you are away ahead of me."

"Yes, I guess I am in fairly good shape," smiled Wynn.

"Fairly good shape, nothing," snorted Marty. "You are a wonder. Say, right now, I'd back you against any athlete we've got—even the young fellows in their prime! And you are almost forty! How do you do it?"

"Well, you know how," said Will, "developing not one muscle or system of muscles, but the whole body, giving each muscle 'a chance that is equal with all in the fight.'"

"Now, there you go again on your old theory," grinned Marty. "Save that physical culture lecture for your pupils. All I've got to say is that I'd back you against any one of your students in any game at all, though you do seem to be bugs on baseball particularly. The old arm is in good shape, eh?"

"Honest, Marty," beamed Will, "I think right now I could pitch as good a game as I ever did in the big league."

"I know it," said Marty, "and I know what's working back in your mind. You're keeping fit, training and praying that God will give you a chance some time to stage a comeback and show the world you're a man again."

"Yes; and God's going to give me that chance some day," said Wynn, earnestly. "But, come, let's get away from myself. I asked you what you think of the teams of Lincoln College."

"Well," said Marty musingly, "I wouldn't want to blow our own horn too much. But, honestly, I think they are wonderful. That's why I think, once they go into competition and open competition, they will put us on the map as a college nationally prominent athletically. I think with this charter our teams will be on the schedule of every big Western College every year."

"And I repeat—not every year; only one year," said Wynn.

"Just what do you mean?" asked Marty.

"Tell me, old pal," said Wynn, "do you think the big guys would relish taking a licking from an unknown crowd like us?"

Marty jumped up in amazement. He walked up and down the length of the room twice and then came over to Wynn's chair.

"I get you. I get you, at last," he cried, slapping Will enthusiastically on the back. "You mean that right now we have men on hand competent to go out and lick the tar out of any of the big teams on the Coast?"

"You guessed it," said Will, grinning happily.

"And if we go out and clean up one or two of them, the others and those we have licked will thenceforth dodge us religiously on one pretext or another."

"Right," said Will. "So you see, Marty, old boy, your idea about being on their schedule every year is away off the track. Now, I have another plan."

"Spill it. Spill it," said Marty genially. "Honestly, once in a great while you seem actually intelligent."

"Thanks," said Will, ironically. "Now, here's my plan. Let's stage a whirlwind athletic campaign and astonish the country."

"I'm with you," said Marty, thoughtfully. "But how can we work it out?"

"I have it all worked out so that it can't go wrong," replied Will.

"And what do we get out of it besides the glory?" asked Marty.

"Plenty," said Will. "One thing, for instance. Our great trouble has been that we have a boy whose athletic ability would justify any big college in considering him for entrance and a scholarship, the way athletics are conducted in the big schools nowadays. We can't place him because we are not well enough known."

"I see," said Marty. "And if we went out and licked the big boys in every line of athletic endeavor, why the mere fact that we recommend a boy would ensure his acceptance."

"Correct," said Wynn. "Isn't that enough from the charter, even though the big boys do dodge us in the future for fear of getting a beating?"

"But the plan will have further consequences," said Marty. "Once we have a reputation like that more pupils will flock to us than we can accommodate and we'll have to enlarge."

"Well, we can afford to enlarge, and the more we enlarge the more we spread the gospel of the Sportsman's Prayer and bring Father Dan's ideals into play in more lives and more places."

"Fine! Fine!" ejaculated Marty. "But just how are you going to work out your scheme?"

"It's all worked out and can't go wrong. Remember, through our men in three of the big colleges we are already on their football schedule, contingent to our being legally incorporated as a college. If we lick those three we are the logical contenders to play the Bears in the Stadium on New Year's day. The Bears will lick all others and public opinion will force the Bears to play us. We'll beat them, but it will be a hard game. Better than that—the Bears deserve their name for roughness, and it will be a great ad for clean play as voiced in the Sportsman's Prayer and opposed to the policy of win, 'no matter how.' As to the basketball, we are all set on every schedule and they simply cannot back out. Nobody has any license to keep us out of the Regatta, the first week in November. Our eight-oared crew ought to win, and we stand a good chance of placing in the four-oared event. We might even cop the singles with a man like Shea. As to the track—why, our big chance comes November the 10th."

"The All-Pacific College Field Day," said Marty. But, say man, you are going to meet tough competition there."

"Sure. In the sprints we are nowhere," agreed Wynn. "But it takes more than one event or class of events to carry off the point score

and the trophy. Our distance men are good; in the hurdles we can't be beaten, and as to field events we have Joyce for the jump, Barring for the pole-vault, and that big hanyak, Pilsansky, if he keeps coming at his present pace, will clean up the javelin throw, broad-jump and shot-put. He'll be second or third in the discus throw and I'll be the most surprised man in California if he doesn't win the Decathlon. Bowser of the Lions took it last year and he isn't in it with Steve when it comes to the weights and the dashes. Yep, Marty, we can clean up in every line."

"Gee!" said Marty, sighing ecstatically, "some scheme—some scheme, I'll tell the world. But, hey, you've left out baseball. Of course, it is a spring game. But by the springtime we won't get a college to face us, that is if we clean up on them all as you expect. Think of it—from October 15th to January 1st—to leap from an unknown college to the biggest thing, athletically, the Coast has ever seen! Too bad we can't clean up on baseball, too."

Wynn chuckled and then said: "You poor fish, don't you think for a minute that a baseball bug like myself would slip on that. But once again we have to thank Father Dan for our biggest chance. He put his O.K. on the whole scheme, but he went through for us on baseball."

"How come?" asked Marty.

"I had a letter from him yesterday telling me everything was all right!" said Wynn, provokingly.

"Come on, man, I'm dying of curiosity," said Marty. "Tell me the news quick."

"Well, the All-Star team of the big leagues is going to make a tour of the world. Starting with Japan it is scheduled to play Lincoln College at the League Park in Frisco on October 29th—two weeks from today."

"Oh boy! Oh boy!" yelled Marty, leaping up and hugging Wynn. "You and Father Dan sure did a wonderful job. Big Bam and the Iron Man and the Flash and all the others! Lord, the whole of California will try to crowd into that park!"

"Yes," said Wynn, "but there's one hitch in the scheme and it's due to you."

"To me?" asked Marty. "Why, man, I never even dreamed we'd have a chance to stage such a thing."

"Yes, but you went and told Father Dan that I'm as good today as

any pitcher in the big leagues and he wants me to pitch that game under my assumed name," said Wynn reproachfully. "And I don't want to do it."

"Why not?" rasped Marty.

"First of all, young Jackson deserves the chance. Secondly, I may not be as good as I think I am. Thirdly, somebody might recognize me and spill the beans."

"All wrong on all counts," said Marty, sententiously. "This court hereby sentences you to do what Father Dan wants you to do, as he has never guessed wrong yet—or else, to box ten rounds with this court."

"You win," said Will. "That's one game where you are still master. Why man, you'd knock me cold."

"Then this court's adjourned and I hereby declare a legal holiday in honor of our charter. Break the news to your hard-studying pupils and then join me and the missus. We'll drive to Frisco and I'll buy us the finest dinner money can obtain."

Will Wynn's plans worked out as perfectly as though they had been agreed upon by all concerned. In all fields of endeavor in athletics before New Year's day the name of Lincoln College and her star athletes were on every lip, while Clarty and Wynn were names to conjure with wherever the lovers of sport held wassail.

It was hard to tell just when the zenith of glory was reached for Lincoln College. Some maintained it came in the ninth inning of the game of baseball between Lincoln and the All-Stars, when with Lincoln leading 1-0, thanks to the masterly pitching of Will Wynn and a homer from his mighty bat, the old master who had held the world's best team to three scattered hits seemed to weaken. A double was followed by two bases on balls. Two were out and the bases filled. Then the mighty Sultan of Swat came to bat and—Will Wynn struck him out. Others maintained no less stoutly that it came in the last minutes of play in the Stadium on New Year's day when the men of Lincoln by a drive that couldn't be stopped tore the mighty Bears to pieces and marched over the line to win 6-0 just as the whistles shrilled to end the game. Be that as it may, Lincoln College was the Mecca for all and sundry who hoped to shine athletically in clean sport and clean living and Father Dan Dowling, Marty Clarty and our friend, Will Wynn, were sitting on top of the world, basking in the sunshine of well-earned triumph that, it seemed, would never end, but would continue as long

as Lincoln College and its guiding stars should choose to continue their beneficent activities.

However much deserved the popularity which Lincoln College earned by its intensive campaign which made it the cynosure of all athletic eyes, nevertheless this popularity was attended by some inconveniences. Not every aspiring athlete who knocked at the doors of the college had been admitted in the old days. But in the heyday of the new prominence it was not always possible to pick and choose with the same discretion which had marked the entrance of applicants hitherto. Some unpleasant incidents occurred and Marty and Wynn finally laid down iron-clad rules of admission which insured choice material. Then, too, as the eyes of the athletic world turned towards Lincoln College scouts or 'ivory-hunters,' as they are variously known, from leagues and colleges of more or less importance began to make their appearance at Lincoln with increasing frequency. Marty found several of his teams disrupted by the drafting of athletes by these scouts. So on the advice of Father Dan he made a ruling that no man could put forth a claim to be one of his products unless he had spent at least three full months at Lincoln.

The prowess of Will Wynn in humbling the All-Stars had attracted nationwide comment. Men wondered who he could be. To all inquiries Marty and Will laughingly answered: "Just an all-round athlete who had his big chance and made use of it." This did not entirely quiet comment, however, nor satisfy curiosity.

February found Wynn busied as usual around the college. The basketball teams were making history and continuing the triumphant march of Lincoln to athletic supremacy. Shortly after the first big triumph of Lincoln in the whirlwind campaign inaugurated in October, Marty and Wynn introduced a custom which made the athletes of Lincoln known everywhere as "The Praying Sportsmen." As soon as they appeared on the field of combat Lincoln's athletes gathered together, players, coach, trainers and substitutes and chanted aloud "The Sportsman's Prayer." It had earned them the plaudits of all true lovers of sport, especially as Lincoln's athletes never proved false to the ideals of the Prayer. At the end of the football game with the Bears in which the latter team had employed every ruse known to football to provoke the pigskin artists of Lincoln to rough tactics and when they found these efforts all in vain, had, with the connivance of conveniently

blind officials, lost no opportunity to employ rough, unfair tactics in their own play; the audience, disgusted with the playing manners of the Bears and delighted with the clean, hard play of Lincoln had risen to its feet and cheered. It was then a little group of graduates of Lincoln in the stands had begun to chant the Sportsman's Prayer. As the newspapers one and all had printed the Prayer in glaring headlines that day, thousands of the spectators joined in and the Stadium heard for the first time ten thousand voices booming forth not in supplication but in triumphant tribute the glorious words:

"Dear Lord, in the battle that goes through life
We ask but a field that is fair.
A chance that is equal for all in the strife,
The courage to do and to dare.
And if we should win, let it be by the code
With our faith and our honor held high.
And if we should lose, let us stand by the road
And cheer as the winners go by."

To many a field of glory, and yet, more than once to smiling defeat had the athletes of little Lincoln marched, bravely chanting their creed. Not unfelt was their influence on their opponents and it was soon evident that little Lincoln had inaugurated a new era of clean sportsmanship, not only on the coast but in all the reaches of the U. S. A. to which her name and fame had quickly spread.

Men prominent in athletic life, coaches, athletes of world-wide reputation soon became commonplace visitors at Lincoln whither their footsteps frequently turned to permit them to see and to learn the policies and methods in use at this Mecca of Sportdom.

Hence Will Wynn paid scant heed to the information whispered by his players, when one day in February, while he was busily engaged in teaching inside baseball to two nondescript teams, Marty appeared in a nearby bleacher with a stranger.

"Do your stuff, fellows," said Barton, the husky catcher, who had been in the big leagues and had been released to ordinary life by the waiver route because of his failure to observe training rules. "That guy with Marty is Beecher, 'ivory hunter' for the New York Giants."

"If he's a real 'ivory hunter' he came to the right place," rasped Wynn, as Beecher let a wide pitch go by him. "Your dome is solid from the collar up."

Beecher only grinned. And the game went on. Each player put forth his best efforts, hoping that the attention of the scout, who had never made a real slip in picking players, might be attracted to himself. Between innings it was common talk that the scout had come to size up young Jackson, a pitcher who had developed wonderfully under the tutelage of Wynn. Jackson was a temperamental college star who at one time had aspirations of entering professional baseball but who had failed to make good because of lack of fighting spirit. Marty and Wynn, however, had kept at him until now he was known as "Neverquit Jack." The pitcher had received offers from several prominent minor leagues but Wynn advised him to wait till his big chance came. Hence the surmise that Beecher had come west to look him over.

All these guesses were wrong, however, as a listener to the conversation being held between Marty and Beecher would have quickly learned.

"Gee, I hate to lose him, but it looks as though his big chance has come," Marty was saying. "Besides whatever Father Dan Dowling wants of either of us is his for the asking. So I'm sure he'll sign up with you."

"The old sinner," beamed Beecher. "I thought I knew him. I haven't been connected with baseball for twenty-five years without being able to tell an old timer anywhere. I got his number in the ninth inning of that game with the All-Stars but waited till we got back to New York, so I could ask Father Dan and be sure."

"How did you get wise?" asked Marty.

"From an old habit of his," replied Beecher. "In his big league days, I caught most of his games. The only sign of nervousness Tom Brawley ever gave was to chew the thumb of his glove when things were breaking tough. He began to chew it when the Babe came to bat in that game, and I knew him then and knew, too, that all that he had was going to be hurled at the Babe. But say, instead of taking him as a pitchers' coach, the manager ought to sign him up as a twirler. There's lots worse than him in the big time now."

"I know. But it's better this way. Father Dan was right as usual," said Marty. "Of course the only condition on which he will go into this thing is that his real name be kept secret."

"Sure," said Beecher, "only Mack, Father Dan and myself are in on the secret. We won't blab. He'll make good, too, and do a whole lot for baseball."

"Yes, it looks as though the break in the game of life had arrived for him," said Marty. "I'm glad for him; sorry for myself for he is one of God's noblemen and old Lincoln can never replace him."

Of course, it was Tom Brawley or Will Wynn, whichever we choose to call him, of whom they were speaking. Father Dan deemed the right time had arrived to bring him back to New York City. So he had willingly consented when the management of the Giants begged Father Dan to use his influence to secure the services of Wynn as a coach of the pitchers on the famous team, a position second in importance only to that of the Manager himself. There was nothing for Will to do but obey. His big opportunity had arrived. He was on his way once again to make good although in a different capacity on his old team.

A farewell banquet, a parting gift and still better a parting Mass and Holy Communion in the Chapel at Lincoln and Wynn set out bravely on his way eastward. As the train sped onward towards the scenes of his childhood, his early boyhood, his triumphs and his disgrace, his heart and mind held only one picture—his son and daughter whom he felt the coming year would restore to his arms again.

(To be continued.)

THE SPIRIT OF THE LORD'S PRAYER

The spirit of the Lord's Prayer is beautiful. It breathes:

"A filial spirit: "Father."

A Catholic spirit: "Our Father."

A reverential spirit: "Hallowed be Thy Name."

A missionary spirit: "Thy Kingdom come."

An obedient spirit: "Thy will be done."

A dependent spirit: "Give us this day our daily bread."

A penitent spirit: "Forgive us our trespasses."

A forgiving spirit: "As we forgive those who trespass against us."

A watchful spirit: "Lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil. Amen."

Our little misfortunes would not amount to much if it were not for the comments of our friends.

Catholic Anecdotes

A SOLDIER AND HIS ROSARY

Antoine Lefebvre, an old soldier covered with wounds, was an inmate of the Hospital for Incurables, and there became a Catholic. From his attendant, a good Sister of Charity, he learned to say the Rosary, and it pained him very much not to have practiced this beautiful devotion all his life. One day pondering over the matter, he exclaimed:

"How much I have lost through my ignorance! I would have said the Rosary daily had I known it. How shall I repair this great loss? O mighty Queen of the Rosary, obtain for me the grace of living three years longer, and I promise to say as many Rosaries as there have been days in my life!"

He then said to himself: "I am now fifty-seven years of age. If God grants my request, I shall live to be sixty years, or 21,900 days old, and hence I shall have to say twenty Rosaries every day to make up for lost time. But where there's will there's a way." He therefore set to work, says the chronicler, reciting his Beads with a zeal of a traveler who wanders under the burning sun and wishes to reach the pleasant shade.

Being accustomed, as soldiers generally are, to punctuality and strict discipline, he never once retired to rest until he had fulfilled his promise to the letter. As before he had carried his gun, so now he carried his Beads, and a little memorandum book wherein he scrupulously marked every Rosary which he recited, until he had finished the 21,900. Hardly had he said the last Ave than God called him to a better world. During the last three years of his life he had invoked our Blessed Mother many thousand times, and who will say that she did not hear his petitions to help him at the hour of death?—*The Catholic News*.

"I always notice that people who believe in nothing, or in very little, talk more about religion than people who have faith. They are restless and uneasy; and, religion which they despise, haunts them like a nightmare. On the other hand, Christians have a creed which gives them peace and needs no discussion."—*The Prig*.

Pointed Paragraphs

SUBMITTING TO CONSTITUTION AND LAW

President Calles of Mexico, in his communications to the American press, emphasizes his devotion to law and constitutional procedure in an effort to place the Mexican Catholics in the light of disobedient citizens.

If the facts were known, it would be clear to the American press and public that Calles in reality cares not a farthing for law or constitution. As America points out:

"The Constitution of 1917, with its clauses tyrannizing over the Church, is not the Constitution of Mexico. It was not adopted by the Mexican Congress; it was not approved by a majority of the State Legislatures; it was not even submitted to them nor ever voted on by the people. It was devised by Carranza, contrary to all legitimate procedure, and imposed on the Mexican people by force.

And even this Constitution, Calles violated whenever it stood in his way—most flagrantly, when on June 24, he added to and amended the penal code against Ministers of Religion.

His refusal to submit his decrees to a plebiscite shows that he realizes plainly that he is not acting according to the will of the people. He is a tyrant, that is all.

THE AIM OF THE CALLES GOVERNMENT

An American, who says he is a Protestant and a Mason, and who spent many years in Mexico, after a brief resume of the troubled history of that country, writes thus in an interview to the Oklahoma News:

"The trouble that is now rocking Mexico had its beginning in the efforts of a small militant group to control the appointment of Bishops and priests, and the confiscation of funds and properties held by the numerous educational and beneficent institutions founded and endowed during three centuries by wealthy and pious donors.

"It is this control and confiscation which the revolution has in mind when he talks of 'separation of Church and State'; it is the effort

of the clergy to prevent this control and confiscation that he brands as 'the clergy meddling in politics'; and it is the possession of these institutions and their properties which he refers to when he mentions 'temporal power.'

This, judging by the history of past persecutions, seems to be a very good diagnosis of the Calles government aims.

But perhaps the editorial view of the New York Times, goes still deeper. The editor declares:

"The Mexican government has set out to destroy religion in Mexico and to put in its place the Communist brand of Atheism."

Howard T. Oliver, writing in the Washington Post, makes the following trenchant statements:

"There are those who explain Calles' attack on religion as a smoke-screen to conceal his seizure of property, but the real reason of his strange attitude towards the Church is only explainable by an investigation of his personal antipathy towards society at large and his desire to eliminate class distinction—in other words, his intention to bolshevize Mexico.

"The present attack on the Church is only a step in the nationalization of property and industry which has been going on in Mexico since Carranza and Obregon jammed through the Constitution of 1917. The present seizure of Church property is but a continuation of the seizure of private property that has been going on for ten years, unsuccessfully opposed by the rightful owners, native and foreign.....But the determination of the Catholic Church to resist further encroachments on human liberties, has focused the spotlight of truth on conditions in the Southern republic as no others have been able to do."

WHAT MEXICAN CATHOLICS DEMAND

Mexican Catholics ask for no favors or privileges. They are asking simply for those elementary rights which in our Constitution are called fundamental and inalienable, which cannot be denied by any government without a reversion to barbarism.

As the non-Catholic writer quoted above puts it:

"As for the demands of the Church in Mexico, they are easily stated. She asks for the same religious liberty enjoyed by all under the Stars and Stripes.

"But she will not get it, because with that liberty would come—free ballot and honest elections, blessings that Calles and his friends view with even greater fear than they view intervention. They might be good for the Mexican people, but they would be fatal to Mexican revolutionary policies."

Mexican Catholics are asking to be allowed to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, to hold property, parental rights to control the education of their children, the right to have what religious functions they wish, the right to make religious vows if they choose.

Man possesses these rights as man. No State and no majority can take them away. They belong to the Mexican as well as to an American, because they come from God.

No wonder Cardinal Bonzano declared in an interview: "The attitude of the Mexican Government is an insult to civilization."

CALLES PROPAGANDA

One of the methods which the Calles government is using to secure its end and whitewash its action before the world is deliberate calumny spread through our country by means of the Mexican consuls in our country.

Archbishop Hanna, as Chairman of the Administrative Committee of the N. C. W. C., declares in a letter to the Secretary of State, Kellogg:

"The present Mexican government has used its Consul General at the port of New York, and its office there, to send deliberate misrepresentations concerning the entrance of an American citizen, Archbishop Caruana, into Mexico.....

"By direction of the present Mexican government the Mexican Consuls in the United States are distributing a pamphlet, "The Church Problems in Mexico," which contains a foreword by the Mexican Consul General in New York and which misrepresents the history, aims and purpose of the Catholic Church.

"A still more virulent pamphlet, with a cover deliberately deceptive is being distributed by order of the Mexican government, by the Mexican Consul in the United States. This pamphlet is replete with misrepresentations and falsehoods. It charges the Catholic Hierarchy of

Mexico with attempting to bring about the invasion of Mexico by the United States.

Is not this an abuse of the courtesies of diplomatic relations?

THE GOOD WILL MISSION

How strange in the face of all this seems the report of the Good Will Mission! A party of Protestant ministers and others constitute themselves such and go into Mexico to investigate conditions there. They had the sanction of Calles' government. They report:

"We believe that a program of educational and social reform is necessary for the rehabilitation of the country. Without passing judgment on the methods used, we believe the present administration is occupied with a great work.

"We believe that when the Churches of Mexico, like the Churches of the United States, accept the fundamental principle that each individual owes a greater civil loyalty to the State than to the Church, then religious questions in Mexico will be settled and the Church will prosper in its own right.

With the first paragraph compare the declaration of another non-Catholic in the *Oklahoma News*:

"To the successful efforts of this militant group may be charged the present illiteracy of the Mexican people. This is not difficult to understand after seeing the numerous buildings that once were colleges, now being used as frowsy tenements or lousy barracks and all crumbling into ruin.

"All the talk you hear about the thousands of schools opened in Mexico by the governments of Carranza, Obregon or Calles, is best described as bunk."

With the second paragraph compare what we said of the demands of Mexican Catholics. What do these good-will-missioners mean by saying: "Each individual owes a greater civil loyalty to the State than to the Church"? Why, no one owes any civil loyalty to the Church! Nor does she ask any. She asks for religious loyalty, loyalty in matters of religion and conscience. But with this no State has any right to interfere. Or, do they wish to change St. Peter's sentence to read: "We must obey men rather than God"?

CALLES' PARADISE IN MEXICO

For the benefit of the Good Will Mission we might submit the findings of a well-informed writer on Mexican conditions, as given in The Washington Post. Howard T. Oliver thus sums up conditions:

"Since 1910 the credit standing of Mexico has fallen in rank from among the first to among the last in the family of nations.

"The population has decreased from 16,000,000 to 13,000,000 people, through emigration largely to the U. S. in search of food and work.

"During the last five years there has been a decrease of fifty per cent in the production of sisal, bananas, coffee, rubbish-oil, farming and industry generally.

"Education has been diminished fifty per cent.

"From 1911 to 1921 the railroads lost 75 per cent of their rolling stock and assets. Many lines are now abandoned and vegetation growing over their tracks.

"The Mexican government has come into frequent conflict with the U.S. government, the British government, the bankers, the oil producers, the land owners, native and foreign, the Catholic Church and innumerable industries.

"Infant mortality in the world has reached its highest record in Mexico and ten million human beings are without sufficient food, clothing and education."

This is the result of the Revolutionary government.

AIDING MEXICO

The aid which our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, asked all Catholics to give their Mexican brethren is prayer. Says Cardinal Cerretti in an interview to the N.C.W.C. representative in Rome:

"It is indeed impossible for us to bring any pressure to bear from here. You know the Pope's attitude on the Mexican question and you have heard his words. His Holiness has spoken clearly and strongly. He has appealed to Catholics throughout the world, for use of the means always used by the Church in such situations, and always with success—prayer. Now we are praying and waiting."

Of course, while praying we must also use all other means that

prudence and justice might suggest to bring about the desired end. Led by this thought, the Knights of Columbus at their convention, appealed to the United States government to intervene for reason that citizens of our country have been outraged in their persons and possessions and for the general reason that it is harmful for our own land to have a revolutionary and soviet government at our borders.

Others believe such attempts futile and ill-advised. Prof. Charles Phillips, writing in *Extension*, says:

"All who have given the matter some study seem to agree that the solution of the Mexican riddle depends upon the latent courage of the Mexican men, who will at some future time arouse themselves and follow trusted leaders, to martyrdom, if necessary, through the Cross to the crown.....We believe that the movements fostered by Congressmen Boylan and Gallivan, well-intentioned and militant though they be, are little less than useless and have no prospects of making an impression on any one able to improve conditions."

And an official organ of the Bishop of Hartford comments thus on the recent efforts of Judge Talley, legal adviser of the Catholic Club of New York City:

"Mexicans who desire to practice the Catholic religion are now sorely tried. They have a battle, or series of battles, to fight. They are entitled to whatever support the charity and zeal of their co-religionists the world over can afford. We must pity them and lend them moral support. But we cannot lay their hard lot to the charge of the United States of America. The persecution in Mexico is not of our making. It is a domestic conflict, and no American citizen can wisely flay the U.S. for not interfering or for not refusing to recognize the present Mexican regime."

Mr. Desmond of the *Catholic Citizen* reviews similar cases in history and shows that no country interfered in cases of religious persecutions.

The aims of the National Committee for the Protection of Religious Rights in Mexico, recently formed in New York, and including among its officers and directors many of the outstanding American Catholic laymen seems to be better advised. To give all possible publicity to the true state of affairs, to give moral support and encouragement to our Mexican brethren, to give what material aid they need to finance the boycott and other legitimate means used by Mexican Catholics in their

struggle, to create public opinion and thus indirectly influence the situation for good, to strive to make the Calles government stand out, as it deserves, among modern governments as an outrage to civilization, these are perhaps the best means at our disposal to help the cause of religious freedom in Mexico.

THE OUTCOME

How will it all end? This is the question on many lips today.

The leaders of the Mexican episcopate, meeting under the leadership of Archbishop Mora y del Rio of Mexico City, has decided that the only course open to them in conscience is to continue their fight in opposition to the religious tyranny.

The Calles government on the other hand refuses to make any concessions and still wields the big stick and bayonet.

But we know how it must end.

Even from a natural standpoint this suggests itself to a Protestant Episcopal minister of Philadelphia, Rev. Samuel Hamill Wood, who writes:

"Anyone who takes the trouble to read history will find that there is a reaction when Catholics are persecuted, just as surely as there is a reaction when Protestants are persecuted. We are merely doing the most effective missionary work for a form of religion when we persecute it."

But we have more than that to fall back upon. We can base our forecast on the divine foundation of the Church and the history of her struggles during the past centuries. During the earliest of the persecutions Tertullian said: "The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians."

After three hundred years of intermittent persecution, when the infant Church rose triumphant from catacombs and hiding-places, Lactantius could write his book: *De Morte Persecutorum*, On the Death of the Persecutors. Sooner or later a modern Lactantius will be able to give us the history of the end of the Calles regime, amid the new glory of Mexican Catholicism.

Some men would rather win one dollar on a wager than five dollars at honest labor.

Our Lady's Page

Our Lady of Perpetual Help

PERSECUTIONS

The average Christian life is always mirrored in the past life of the Church. Not a difficulty is to be found in the History of God's Church which does not repeat itself in some form or other in our lives. Thus, the Church has had her times of glory; so have we. The Church has had her times of sorrow; so have we. The Church has had her periods of activity; we have ours. And again, she has had her eras when apparently she was doing little advancing; so have we. Her persecutions, large as they were and cruel, find their counterpart in our existence on a smaller scale. "It must needs be that persecutions come," said the Savior, and He was Truth itself.

We find this truth proven in the lives of almost every one of the individual saints. A St. Agnes had her time of glory—but only after a bitter persecution and death. A St. Aloysius, the patron and model of youth, has his time of glory now. But what difficulties were his share in this life? A St. Stanislaus Kostka, too, suffered from his very family. Scarcely one will we find in that countless number who was not persecuted.

Need one wonder then that even the ordinary one of us has to face difficulties and trials which to us, at the time, seem almost insurmountable? No. If God did not spare His saints, if gold must be tried by fire, we may as well rest content and prepare for the hour of our great trial.

Now we are discredited because someone told an untruth about us. Or, they have maliciously slandered us; or, they have revealed our hidden faults when the revelation would do most harm to our chances. Again, they have robbed us of our earthly goods and left us destitute of all with which to meet even our greatest obligations to our fellow-men. They attack us openly or secretly just as seems to them best. The attack may be with reason or without it. The fact is this, however, it hurts, as we say.

Are we to suffer and say or do nothing? Not exactly. While we may use every lawful means to prove our innocence, and even ought to do this when there is question of our good name, we must do one thing which is of vastly more importance. It is in the hour of our need that the Blessed Mother is near and waiting to be asked to intercede and even interfere in our behalf. But, she wishes to be asked. No wonder then, that we find the Church, the saints and good men over the whole world constant in their devotion to our Blessed Lady. And if they are constant in prosperity, they are insistent in adversity. Nor do they go away unheard. St. Bernard, discredited because of a crusade which failed utterly, nevertheless continued a client of Our Lady till he was heard. St. Alphonsus, too, losing favor with the Holy See because of false brethren and excluded from the very Order he had founded, nevertheless continued in his devotion to her of whom he had written so beautifully in his "Glories of Mary." And his confidence was rewarded, though only after his death.

Thus we too must be faithful to Mary in our days of prosperity and insistent in our days of adversity that she may help us also to share, in the eternal day, the glory of the children of God; happiness everlasting in her company. There no distress of mind or body is to be found. There men cannot do us any harm by their malice. There we shall have only peace and joy forever.

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT

"Some time ago I promised that I would publish the fact in 'The Liguorian' if I received a certain favor. Thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help this favor was received and hence I ask its publication."
—Nebraska.

"Permit me to acknowledge two favors received through intercession of Our Lady of Perpetual Help to the Sacred Heart of her Son.

"One request was restoration to health (a case where doctors gave but little hopes of recovery), and the second, relief from pain following an operation.

"Enclosed you will find One Dollar which I promised Our Lady of Perpetual Help if she would assist in straightening out some business difficulties. Thanks to Our Lady the matter developed—not as severe as I had anticipated."—Wisconsin.

Catholic Events

William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, made a statement recently regarding the Mexican situation in which he deprecates the religious persecution enacted there. He said:

"The Mexican Federation of Labor (known as 'Crom') is an autonomous body, a unit of the Pan-American Federation of Labor. If the Mexican Federation of Labor decided to give its support to the Mexican government in the enforcement of the Mexican constitution affecting religious matters, the American Federation has no authority or power to interfere with such decision. We have not given approval or support to the Mexican Federation of Labor in any policy which it may have adopted or in any decision which it may have made to support the government in the present situation. We greatly deplore the present situation in Mexico. Only the exercise of reason, of toleration and sound judgment can bring about a settlement."

* * *

Five thousand Protestants, attending an open air religious service at People's Park, Pawtucket, R. I., were asked to pray for the persecuted Catholics of Mexico. The plea was made by Rev. Arthur J. Watson, rector of St. Luke's Episcopal Church. He expressed horror and surprise "that in this day and generation of enlightenment any nation calling itself a republic should deny ten million or more of its citizens the right to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience."

* * *

A plea that all Protestants in the United States "fall on their knees" and join Roman Catholics in prayer for "the persecuted Church in Mexico" was made in the latest issue of *The Living Church*, an Episcopal national weekly published in Milwaukee. The question has become one of a real persecution of the Christian Church and is now no longer one between the Vatican and the Mexican government alone, the publication says.

"The new restrictions that are effective July 31 involve prohibition of teaching religion in primary schools, private as well as public, and a multitude of other prohibitions, including confiscation of church property, limitation of opportunity for service, and much else that is directed against the practice of Christian religion in any form," says the *Living Church*.

"We hope that many other American Christians besides Roman Catholics will carry out the earnest suggestion of the Pope for united prayer on Aug. 1, when the new regime begins; and we can appreciate that the probable suspension of public services of the Roman Church, indicated in the Monday morning papers, may, very likely, be followed by like action on our part. Of course, our work in Mexico is absolutely

trivial in comparison with that of Rome; but we shall certainly not wish to make capital out of the distress of the principal church of the land."

* * *

After a conference with Secretary of State Kellogg at White Pine Camp, President Coolidge, it was authoritatively stated, has decided that no ground exists for intervention in Mexico or for any variation of his policy of dealing with the Calles government.

One of the developments is said to have been a statement by Secretary Kellogg positively assuring the President that no Americans had suffered indignities or injuries in person or property as a result of the dispossession and expulsion decrees against the clergy in Mexico and other measures for the regulation of worship carried into effect by the Calles government.

The Secretary of State reported to the President on the discussion he had on Friday with James A. Flaherty, supreme Knight of the Knights of Columbus, who formally presented the demands of that organization that the government intervene in Mexico to put an end to the persecution of American citizens.

* * *

The killing of four priests, even though they were engaged in trying to keep the people from violence, the wounding of many people and the arrest of scores in a clash over the religious regulations at Guayo, in the State of Michoacan, is reported in dispatches received by the Catholic Bishops. Similar reports have come from other sections. It shows the spirit of the people.

Meantime new impetus has been given the economic boycott being conducted by the League for the Defense of Religious Freedom. Circulars are being distributed in which it is asserted that those desiring religious freedom form a majority of the population of the country, that they are justified in demanding the revocation of tyrannical laws, and that they must show their strength. They assert that trade is feeling the boycott, that motion picture houses are almost deserted, that 10,000,000 pesos have been withdrawn from the banks, and that 6,000 automobiles have been withdrawn from operation. The labor unions are accused of violating their promise to respect the religious beliefs of their members, and as a retaliatory measure, all are urged to boycott strictly all stores where "Crom" members are employed. The people are asked to take their money from the banks, to cease buying lottery tickets since this would help the government, to boycott newspapers controlled by the "Crom," and to cease buying wines, candy and clothes.

* * *

Archbishop Mora y del Rio, of Mexico City, head of the Mexican hierarchy has addressed to the people of the United States, through the *New York World*, a complete statement of the Church's position in the present religious conflict in Mexico. It is a reply to Calles' attempted justification of his policies and acts. It clearly shows that Calles was in bad faith and deliberately lied about the situation in order to white-wash his conduct.

* * *

A Universal News report in the Monday morning papers (Aug. 23)

says: "President Calles last night cordially received two high dignitaries of the church, Most Rev. Leopold Ruiz y Florez, archbishop of Michoacan, and Bishop Diaz of Tobasco, at the presidential palace, and a statement issued by the episcopate after the conference described it as 'truly satisfactory.'

"The interview with the president,' says the statement according to this press dispatch, 'was truly satisfactory. The different phases of the religious situation were made clear by the exchange of impressions. The episcopate's purpose to make use of all legal resources toward attaining constitutional amendment of the articles and precepts which affect our creed was reiterated. The president told us that he had already declared through the press that the registration demands of priests in charge of churches, had no other purposes than those purely administrative, and that the government had no intentions of mixing in matters relating to dogma or religion. With this statement we expect that, once the procedures demanded of us through the church are fulfilled, there will be no obstacles to the resumption of religious services in the churches, while we attain our ultimate end of recovering liberty, which we considered injured through the various legal precepts."

If this report can be credited—for we have learnt to question most news reports regarding Mexico—we may soon look for better things from the southern republic.

* * *

Aaron Saenz, minister of foreign affairs in Mexico, according to another press report, said: "I do not care to express an opinion in the matter of the chamber of deputies' probable action in attempting some sort of amendment to the Mexican constitution which regulates religious worship. (Note: The Mexican chamber of deputies meets Sept. 1.) I do believe firmly," he continued, "in the enforcement of all laws and constitutional provisions as they are, likewise in the principle that when a bad law is enacted or a constitutional provision found unsound or inimical to the best interests of the country and our people, that it should be repealed or amended."

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Plans are nearing completion for the twelfth meeting of the National Conference of Catholic Charities to be held in Buffalo, Sept. 26-30.

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The dates of the fourth annual convention of the Catholic Rural Life conference have been definitely fixed at October 20 and 21. The meeting is to be held in Cincinnati, Ohio, at the invitation of Archbishop McNicholas, O. P., Archbishop of Cincinnati.

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The International Federation of Catholic Alumnae has accepted the invitation of the Sisters of the Holy Cross to hold its 1926 seventh biennial convention at St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Ind. September 4-10 is the time set for this notable gathering. The I. F. C. A. has a membership of about 60,000 women, who are the alumnae of approximately 500 affiliated schools of the United States and five European countries.

Some Good Books

Hoi-ah! Andy Carroll's First Year at Holy Cross. By Irving T. McDonald. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$1.25, net.

If Andy Carroll's other years at Holy Cross College prove to be as replete with stirring events as was his freshman year, we lay no claim to prophetic powers in predicting an eventful and exciting student life for him. Now that we have made his acquaintance we find him a very likeable young man, of sterling worth, whose influence will spread honesty and good humor and God's own spirit wherever he goes. And we feel sure that those of our readers who read this account of his first year at Holy Cross, will look forward with pleasure to the story of the coming years.

Mending the Nets. By Raymond T. Feehy, S.J. Published by Benziger Brothers. Price, \$0.60, net.

In the Liguorian for May we reviewed the first little volume of this Morning-Star Series, entitled "Thoughts for Today." The second of the series is built along the same lines as the first, and continues the author's effort to remove 'the static of modern life that makes it difficult for even the most sincere Catholic to receive clearly and distinctly the message contained in the far distant life of the Blessed Mother."

Timely Topics Series. Nos. XX and XXI. Published by Central Bureau of the Central Verein, 3835 Westminster Place, St. Louis.

These are two excellent pamphlets that merit wide distribution. The first is entitled "Stopping the Leak" and describes the work of the Catholic Instruction League. It is written by one actively engaged in the work, Miss Josephine Van Dyke Brownson, a descendant of the distinguished convert, Orestes A. Brownson. Her pages breathe the spirit of one who is heart and soul in the work and has given much time and thought and prayer to it. (Prices: 10c a copy, postpaid; 60c a dozen, \$4.00 a hundred, plus postage.)

The other brochure is concerned with "Week-End Retreat For Men," as a means to revive and perfect the spiritual life. In the course of some dozen pages the author explains the nature of these Retreats and their blessed influence, sketches the history of the movement in the United States, gives some idea of the progress of the work in Europe, and closes with an ardent plea to American Catholics. (Prices: single copies, 5c postpaid; 50c a dozen, \$3.75 a hundred, postage extra.)

Heart Talks With Jesus. Compiled by Rosalie Marie Levy. Published by the author, 14 E. 29th St., New York City. Price, postpaid, \$1.10.

Someone said to me recently: "I like these little books with a variety of readings, prayers and devotional poetry." It reminds me of a little book that was a favorite at college "in my time." It just answered this description and was very popular among the students, who were just boys.

I feel quite sure, therefore, that Miss Levy's book will have a wide appeal and will be a great favorite as a companion on our visit to the Blessed Sacrament in the evening after work, or in quiet moments before retiring at night, and a help to start the day aright, at least on mornings when you do not have "to rush." It was a happy idea to gather these verses and prayers, so well chosen, into an attractive little book.

The Wonder Offering. By Marion Ames Taggart. Published by Benziger Bros., New York. Price, \$0.35.

Miss Taggart has now brought her series of Wonder Books for children to four: The Wonder Story, The Wonder Days, The Wonder Gifts and the present one.

All the books of the series, as we noted at their appearance, are profusely illustrated; not only are the illustrations artistic, but also rich in meaning and so apt that it must be easy for mother or father, big brother or sister to bring home to the little ones the lesson intended.

Lucid Intervals

Mrs. Mason's colored washerwoman, Martha, was complaining of her husband's health.

"Why, is he sick, Martha?" asked Mrs. Mason.

"He's ve'y po'ly ma'am, ve'y po'ly," answered the woman. "He's got the exclamatory rheumatism.

"You mean inflammatory, Martha," said the patron. "Exclamatory means to cry out."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Martha, with conviction; "dat's what it is. He hollers all the time."

"What is a five-letter word meaning 'A kick in the pants?'"

Shark: "Flask."

"Speaking of railroad service in Georgia," said a traveling salesman of Baltimore, "one day I was waiting for a train in a small town of that state. One hour, two hours, three hours passed, but no train pulled in. I was about to negotiate for a vehicle to drive me to the place I wished to make, when the station agent said:

"I wouldn't go to that trouble, sir. The train'll be along soon now."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well," he answered, "I'm pretty certain of it. Here comes the conductor's dog now."

Employer (to new boy)—You're the slowest youngster we've ever had. Aren't you quick at anything?

Boy—Yes, sir; nobody can get tired as quickly as I can.

Policeman (2 A. M.)—"What are you hanging around this house for?"

Suspicious Character—"Because I'm married, and live in it!"

Wishing to have some fun with Archbishop Farley (New York) the District Attorney said to him: "Suppose that the Pope and the devil were to litigate a cause, which do you suppose would win?" "The devil," said the Archbishop, with a malicious

twinkle in his eye. "He would have all the lawyers on his side."

Frosh—"Mama, can I go out and play?"

Mama—"What! with those holes in your trousers?"

Frosh—"No; with the kids across the street."

"Is this the weather bureau?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"How about a shower tonight?"

"It's all right with me. If you need one, take it."

"Do I really need brushing off?" asked the passenger in the Pullman.

"Does you?" exclaimed the porter with great emphasis. "Boss, Ah's broke."

A haughty lady had just purchased a postage stamp at a sub-station.

"Must I stick it on, myself?" she asked.

"Positively not, madam," replied the clerk. "It will accomplish more if you stick it on the letter."

Morgan: "What did you realize from your oil stocks, Bill?"

Bill: "I realized that there is one born every minute."

"I have nothing but praise for the new minister," said a member of the congregation to the usher after the morning service.

"So I observed while passing the collection plate," replied the usher.

Mr. Spendix—"Any installments due today?"

Mrs. Spendix—"No, dear, I think not."

Mr. Spendix—"Any payments due on the house, the radio, the furniture, the rugs or the books?"

Mrs. Spendix—"No."

Mr. Spendix—"Then I have ten dollars we don't need. What do you say we buy a new car?"

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary student in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by these students after they have become priests.

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Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.).....	497.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help of St. Alphonsus (Fresno, Calif.).....	1,258.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.)...	2,007.00

* * *

Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis), \$2,039.06; Burse of St. Cajetan (Single Ladies of Rock Church), \$3,508.28; Burse of St. Joseph, \$643.00; Burse of St. Francis, Assisi, \$1,007.50; Burse of the Little Flower; \$2,946.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$201.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Anne, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$321.90; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help \$924.00; Burse of St. Peter, \$237.25; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$3,750.00; Burse of St. Alphonsus, \$20.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$4.00; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$1.00; Mr. F. Henze Burse, \$750.00; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$634.25; Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Knoxville), \$300.00.

Books

The Ideal Gift

JESUS TEACH ME TO PRAY

Price: Leather, 60c; cloth, 45c; leatherette, 25c; brown paper, 10c.

LITTLE ST. ALPHONSUS MANUAL

Price: Leather, 75c; cloth, 60c; paper, 25c.

MANGLED HANDS

By Neil Boyton, S. J.
Price, \$1.25.

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By D. I. Lanslots, O. S. B.
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